"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THREE DISTINGUISHED ABJURERS OF THE TRINITY.

DRS. ISAAC WATTS, DANIEL WHITBY, AND SAMUEL CLARKE.

THE late Lord Brougham informed the highest assembly of our country, a few years ago, when pleading for justice for the Unitarians of Great Britain in the management of the British schools, that Milton, Locke, and Newton were Unitarians. Many of the peers were not prepared for the information. Nor is it generally known that many of the most learned divines and commentators, after years of study and labour to sustain the common Trinitarian theories, have renounced the Trinity before their eyes were closed in death. Now this should be more widely known—that in the mellowness of age and the greater experience and more heart-searching investigation necessary to stand before the Judge of all, that several of the most learned ministers of the Protestant Church, during the last three centuries, have been persuaded of the Unitarian doctrine of the unity of God, and have left on record their testimony, after a long life of careful study of the Bible, that the doctrine of the Trinity is a false, dangerous, and unscriptural doctrine; and all this before any Unitarian Church existed, or companionship of faith, to sympathise with them in this course. Nothing but the solemn conviction of truth enabled those men to give utterance to what they were sure would render them no earthly service, but separate them from some of their oldest and best friends. The fame of DR. ISAAC WATTS as a poet, theologian, and logician is known wherever the English language is known. His hymns are everywhere sung, and in many instances convey adoration to a triune God. He was deeply pained before his death those hymns could not be recalled. We have before us abundant evidence of his abjuring the Trinity. Here are a few of his words: "Holy Father, I believe Thee to be the *only* true God, the supreme of beings. . . . . Hadst Thou told me in any single text that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are three real, distinct persons in Thy divine nature, I had never suffered myself to be bewildered in so many doubts. . . . . Can this strange and perplexing notion of three real persons going to make up one true God be a necessary and important part of that Christian doctrine which is represented as plain and easy, even to the meanest understanding?"

We have also the testimony of Dr. Lardner that Watts became a Unitarian. The doctrine of everlasting punishment he also doubted before his death. To Dr. Watts we now add the name of DR. WHITBY, the celebrated Protestant commentator, who wrote two hundred years ago, and who devoted a life of eighty-eight years to the study and exposition of the Scriptures. He attended so constantly to the subject of divinity and the history of the early church that he scarce even allowed himself leisure to mind any other concern. All who knew him could bear testimony to his simplicity of character; and his easy, affable, and pious traits of life were as remarkable as his learning. He was the author of forty-one works, which are full of good sense and learning. His most remarkable book is a Commentary on the New Testament, which gave him fourteen years of much study and labour for its completion. In its pages he sustains the Trinity. But before his death he completely abandoned those positions and wrote his "Last Thoughts," and several discourses which are confirmatory of his Unitarianism. He says: "An exact scrutiny into things doth often produce conviction that those things which we once

judged to be right were, after a more diligent inquiry into truth, found to be otherwise. I am not ashamed to say this is my case, for when I wrote my commentaries on the New Testament I went on too hastily in the common beaten road of other reputed orthodox divines, conceiving that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in our complex notion, were one and the same God, by virtue of the same individual essence communicated from the Father. This confused notion I am now fully convinced to be a thing impossible, and full of gross absurdities and contradictions." All readers of Whitby's commentaries ought to know that this learned man became one of us before his death. We add the name of one more very remarkable scholar, divine, and metaphysician, Dr. Samuel Clarke, who was born in the year 1675. He is best known by his arguments, *à priori*, on the Being and Attributes of God. For the last one hundred and fifty years he has deserved well of all the friends of religion for having set this particular proof in the clearest light. It is universally admitted that he has displayed a clearness of apprehension and a depth and solidity of judgment which gives him a title to respect in all his opinions. He made the study of the Old and New Testament a chief pursuit for religious knowledge, and was persuaded that "no article of Christian faith delivered in the Scriptures is contrary to right reason," He diligently perused the early histories of the Christian Church and the writings of the earlier fathers. Ultimately Dr. Clarke abjured the doctrine of the Trinity. He was very desirous, too, of changing some of the forms of the Church of England service, and for keeping close to Scriptural doxologies. He was in the church, and a favourite divine of Queen Anne, who was also Arian. His case is another among thousands of the debasing influence of a State Church upon the mind even of a great and good man. He was compelled after he wrote upon the Trinity, to make some submission which led to a belief among his opponents that he had again adopted the Trinitarian hypothesis; this, his son says, he never did, but remained to the last a Unitarian, in the service of the church; and so his moral influence as a Reformer was gone. We have said that he was a man of the highest intellectual attainments; we may add, in ecclesiastical chains. He was also of a mild, modest, and amiable disposition, which unfitted him to breast the opposition raised to his Unitarian views. He died suddenly, in the full maturity of his strength, in 1729, after having preached before the judges at Serjeants' Inn. To the present day, after two centuries of struggle, we find distinguished churchmen, poets, philosophers, and divines are still clanking their chains of vassalage by assent to erroneous and uncharitable creeds, and this they are daily acknowledging. They have right intellectual convictions, or faith, but they have not added virtue or moral courage to their faith; nor can they say, like the first Apostles, they have a faith that overcomes the world, but they are connected with a world which overcomes their faith.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some years ago, while travelling through a mountainous region of Wales, I stopped at a farm-house and asked for a drink of water. A middle-aged, intelligent-looking woman, the only inmate present, politely bade me enter and rest myself, remarking that the day was very warm, and I looked fatigued.

In looking around the plainly-furnished but tidy apartment, during her absence at the well, I noticed a crude painting, in a rough home-made frame, hanging against one of the walls; and as the design was rather singular, I went up to it, and was standing before it, examining it, when she returned. The painter was evidently no artist, and knew as little about the science of drawing, colouring, shading, and perspective, as a Chinese; but the design was at least original, and the curiosity of the whole affair fixed my whole attention. It was intended to represent a wild scene among the mountains, with a man just stepping over a precipice, to fall upon some rocks below, which formed the bed of a swift-running stream; but the novel part of it was, that in the clouds, high above the falling man, was a head, supposed to be that of an angel or spirit, from which went a streak of light to a farm-house in a dark corner. These were the principal points to be noticed, and all that were worthy of mention; and with the conclusion that it had been the pastime of

some imaginative youth, and preserved with a mother's fond regard, as an evidence of his precocity of genius, I was turning away when the mistress of the house, who had come up behind me, observed, in what I fancied was a rather triumphant tone:—"That, sir, was the work of my son, and he was only fourteen years old when he did it!"

"Indeed!" returned I, rather emphatically, scarcely knowing what else to say.

"Strange picture, isn't it, sir?" pursued the mother, in what now seemed to be rather a melancholy tone.

"Very—quite original. I am certain I never saw anything like it in my life, and I have seen a great many remarkable paintings."

I could not praise the daub, of course; but I could truthfully say what I did; and if, as I began to suspect, the poor boy was dead, the fond mother could construe my remarks into as much admiration of his wonderful genius as would satisfy her partial judgment.

"Ah, me! it was a strange occurrence, and a sad one!" sighed the mother.

"It is more than a fancy sketch, then?"

"Yes, it's a dream and a reality. If you like, I'll tell you its history while you sit and rest."

"I should like to hear it," said I, taking a chair.

"Are you a believer in dreams?"

"I cannot say I put much faith in them."

"Well, I've been told some remarkable things in dreams; and this, you see, is one of them. A good many years ago, just after I got married, my husband bought this place, and we came here to live. It was a pretty wild country round here then—and, for that matter, is yet; but since then the land has been more cultivated, and we now have a neighbour within a mile of us.

"Years passed on without any accident, till my son—the same that painted this picture, the only child I ever had—was about ten years old, when one day my husband put a grist upon his horse and started for the mill, which was seven miles off, saying if he could possibly get it ground that day he should wait for it, and I needn't be uneasy if he should happen to stay out pretty late. I told him I should be uneasy, of course, for I couldn't help that—but if he could get it done it would be better to wait for it than make two journeys. Somehow I felt more sad than common when I parted from him that day; and even when after he'd started, I called him back, and asked him if he felt well, and told him to take great care of himself, and remember how miserable I should be if anything happened to him.

"The road—or path, rather, for it could hardly be called a road then—which he had to travel, went through a wild, lonely region; and if it wasn't really dangerous in the day-time, I never considered it very safe at night; for, besides going up steep, rocky hills, and down into dark, gloomy valleys, and across some two or three streams, that were quick to rise with every rain, there were two places where it ran along the edge of a frightful precipice, where it would be almost certain death to fall over. Besides these two precipices, there was another, a few rods off from the horse-path, and about half a mile from the house, with a stream of water running along at the bottom of it; but this I never thought about, in connection with my husband, till I saw it in my dream, of which I'm now going to tell you.

"Well, you must know that, all that day, after my husband had left, I felt very sad and low-spirited; for the life of me I couldn't get rid of the idea that something was going to happen to him. Though I said nothing about it to my son George, who remained at home with me, yet I noticed that he felt uneasy too; and two or three times, during the afternoon, he hoped he would get back safe, which made me feel still worse. After night had set in, before he went to bed, he would jump out every few minutes and run to the door, thinking he heard him coming, and then walk back slowly, looking very much disappointed. I finally persuaded him to go to bed, telling him I would sit up myself, and let him know when his father arrived.

"The night had set in dark and cloudy, and the far-stretching clouds were very low, and the air grew damper every hour, till at last there began to be a fine mist—just the worst night possible for seeing anything, or finding one's way through a thick wood. This made me feel more troubled still; and as the hours passed on towards midnight, without bringing my husband, I became so restless that I

couldn't sit still, and I got up and began to walk the floor back and forth. I might have done this for half an hour, when all at once I began to feel drowsy, and this feeling increased on me so much that in a very short time I found great difficulty in keeping my eyes open. At last I stopped and sat down, and I think I must have gone right off to sleep, for I don't remember anything after that, till I had my dream, which I'm now going to tell you about.

"I dreamt that I saw my husband coming along the path, about half a mile from here, walking along slowly on foot, feeling his way with great caution, as it seemed, and leading his horse, which had the grist on his back; and I remember wondering why he didn't let the animal pick the way for himself, and follow him instead, as such a beast can always get along better and surer than a man in a dark night. Well, at length he stopped, just where the path ran nearest to the precipice that overlooks the stream, as you see it in the picture, and then he seemed to leave the horse and turn off in that direction, as if to feel out the way; and I remember thinking that if he kept on a little further, he might step off before he knew it. This frightened me so that I screamed and woke myself up.

"'Thank heaven! It's only a dream, after all,' I said to myself, as I looked around the room. And then somehow I fell off to sleep again, and dreamt I saw the horse standing in the path, just as before, and my husband, unaware of his danger, coming nearer and nearer to the awful precipice, over which I seemed to know he would fall. Again I screamed and woke up; and this time I shook off all drowsiness, and ran and called George, and told him all about it, and that he must get up at once and come with me, for I was going to the ledge to see if there was any truth in it. The poor boy was terribly frightened, of course; but he hurried on some of his clothes, and by the time I had got the lantern ready, he was ready too, but fairly shaking with fear.

"I don't know how long we were in reaching the place. I was so excited that I seemed to be flying all the way and yet getting along at a snail's pace. Our nearest way to get to the precipice was to follow the path that led up on the top of it; and when I got to where I had seen the horse in my dream, and found he wasn't there, I began to breathe more freely.

"But then he might have got frightened at something and run away, and of course I couldn't feel easy till I could know for certain that my poor husband wasn't lying mangled on the rocks at the foot of the ledge. We called him as loud as we could, but didn't get any answer; and I determined to go and see for myself, hoping all the time that I should find my dream a false one. By going round the hill a little way, we could get down to the stream without any danger; but the night was so dark and misty, that it took us a good quarter of an hour to get to the exact place.

"And then, oh! merciful heaven! what did these eyes behold? There, sure enough, lay my poor husband, mangled and dying on the rocks. I don't remember myself what happened next; but my son says that I seemed unnaturally calm, and that I picked up his father as if he were an infant, and carried him all the way to the house in my arms—he going before with the light, crying as if his heart would break—and that when I got him placed on the bed I fainted away.

"I remember coming to, and finding myself beside the mangled corpse of my husband, and poor George sobbing and wringing his hands, and begging me in the most piteous tones to speak to him. His father had breathed his last on his own bed; but he never spoke after we found him, and was unconscious when he died. The next day the poor boy set off and called in some of the neighbours, and they remained with us till after the funeral, which I don't remember much about. Ah, those were sad, sad days! and only the mercy and goodness of God carried me safely through them!"

On further conversation with the poor widow, I learnt that her son, grown to man's estate, was still living with her—her sole dependence, hope, and comfort in this world of tribulation. I was glad to know that she was not childless, and breathed a fervent prayer that each might long be spared to the other.

Without entering into the philosophy of dreams as Aristotle, Locke, and others have done, the narrative of this poor widow was remarkable and worthy of being retold.

CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

In the Bible we frequently meet with the expressions "Son of God" and "Sons of God." We find the latter applied to various peoples and in various connections; but the use of the former is everywhere restricted to Jesus Christ. Only two passages can be cited as exceptions, viz., Luke iii. 38, where however the title "Son of God" does not really occur, as the italics in our English version indicate, and perhaps the mysterious Dan. iii. 25. Noticing this, the question naturally arises, how is it that the same book which teaches, "All of you are children of the most high (Ps. lxxxii. 6), ye are sons of the living God (Hos. i. 10)," restricts the use of the title "Son of God" to the Christ alone, and in no place either accidentally or designedly applies it to any other person? Could the title have been thus exclusively reserved for Jesus by the sacred writers if they had thought there was no special signification in it and that he was nothing more than *a* Son of God in the sense in which all good persons are sons of God? Not only do we find this expression appropriated to Christ, but we also find appropriated to him a variety of other expressions still more definite in their meaning, and all pointing to some peculiar relation between God and Jesus different from, and more intimate than, that spiritual relation which the Scriptures represent God as holding towards all men: for instance, in addition to the title "Son of God," we find the following designation of Jesus' relationship to God:—"the only begotten of the Father," "His only begotten Son," "the only begotten Son of God," "the Son of the living God," "My beloved Son," "Thy Holy Child Jesus," "His dear Son," "His own Son," which designations are of such constant occurrence that to reject them is to reject the Scripture itself. When, then, we find the Bible full of these designations of our Lord, what must we think of the advice to refrain from using the title "Son of God," and that "it would be better not to introduce the words into our prayers and sermons?" Is there no meaning in this title? or, if there is any meaning, is it such as would "lead the unlearned into a mistake?" If Christ's sonship were nothing more than the adoption of sons which we have all received through him it is strange that the Jews should have charged him with blasphemy when he declared himself "the Son of God," and should have persecuted his disciples for the same declaration that Christ is the Son of God, whilst receiving with joyful faith the teaching, "All of you are children of the Most High; ye are sons of the living God." From these considerations it is evident that this "higher rank as a divine teacher" was not claimed for Jesus "after a time," but *at* the very time that his claims to be the Christ were being disputed.

An attempt has been made to show that the title "Son of God" means nothing more than "a godly man." And there is indeed a Hebrew form of speech which may at first sight appear to give some colour to this pretence; for instance, "a son of war" means "a warrior," "a son of the field" means "a sportsman," "a son of rest" means "a peaceful man," &c.; and hence it is argued that the words "Son of God" only mean "a godly man." Now the most that this appeal to Hebraisms can prove is that "Son of God" *may* mean "godly man," it does not prove that "Son of God" *must* mean "godly man" when the consistency and plain sense of numerous passages would be lost thereby. If we apply this new translation to one or two cases we shall see that it renders them very deficient in sense if not complete nonsense: — "And when the tempter came to Him he said, If thou be a godly man command that these stones be made bread." "And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, and saying, If thou be a godly man come down from the cross." "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten godly man." "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said I am a godly man?" "He ought to die, because he made himself a godly man." But, even if this kind of translation be made good sense, still there are many other passages that cannot be twisted in this way; as, for example, "the only begotten of the Father," "the Son of the living god," "His own Son," &c.; neither would the first chapter of Hebrews bear this forced translation.

To some persons "it is a great satisfaction to consider that it needs only to put aside the first two chapters in Matthew, and then we shall be at liberty to give to the words 'Son of God' their real meaning as a godly man." To put aside the first two chapters in Matthew would be no easy task; but, even if this could be done, still a great deal more of the Bible would have to be put aside before we could have the satisfaction of explaining away the title "Son of God" so as to make it mean nothing more than "a godly man." For the first chapter of Luke is most explicit in its declaration of our Saviour's divine birth; therefore it must be put aside. And this having been done, numerous passages in the New Testament (to say nothing of the Old) must be cut out and put aside, as being incomprehensible after we have rejected the necessary and evident explanation given by Matthew and Luke: *e.g.*, Mat. xxii. 42, Luke iii. 23, John xix. 7, Rom. viii. 3, Gal. iv. 4.

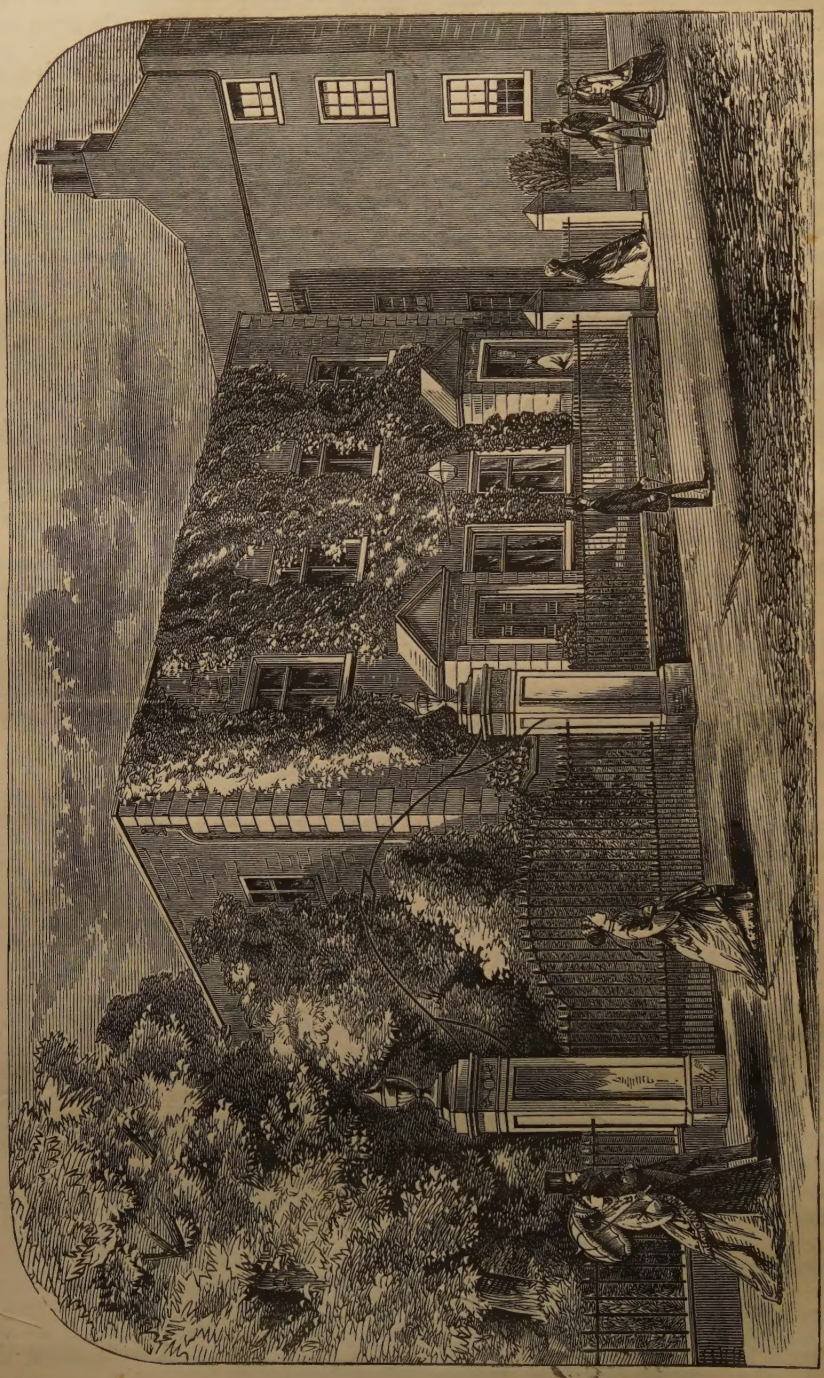
It has been thought prudent by some persons to put aside the opening of Matthew's gospel, because the genealogy of our Saviour there given appears not to harmonise with that given by Luke. This difficulty however is such as a slight knowledge of Jewish antiquities would remove. The Jews of the evangelists' day saw nothing unnatural in the fact of Jesus having two different genealogies. It was not till the gospels were propagated amongst the western nations that it became necessary to explain to the Greeks and Romans a peculiarity which had needed no explanation to the Jews. The two genealogies having been shown to be quite compatible, and the reason for their differences having been pointed out seventeen or eighteen centuries ago [*Justin. ad orthodox. quæst. et respons.* 133, *&c.*] and hundreds of times since, it is too late to tell us now that they cannot be reconciled with each other nor with those passages which say that Christ was the carpenter's son.

For the genuineness and authenticity of the first two chapters of Matthew there is strong testimony both external and internal. The external evidence is thus summarised by Mr. Higginson ["Spirit of Bible" ii. 294] "These chapters stand at the begining of all existing manuscripts of Matthew's Gospel; and there, in the light of honest criticism, they must stand part and parcel of the work." The internal evidence may be sketched thus: Matthew says that some sixty years previously Herod massacred all the children under two years old in Bethlehem and the neighbourhood, and he assigns the birth of Jesus the Messiah as the cause of this massacre. Now it it impossible that so recent and bloody a transaction should have been invented by the evangelist, for thousands of Galilæans could have given him the lie at once, and consigned himself and his gospel to ignominious oblivion. The massacre therefore must be accepted as a historical fact; and at the time Matthew published his gospel it could by no means have faded from the sorrowful or angry remembrance of multitudes whose infant relatives had been sacrificed at the brutal decree of Herod. When, therefore, he asserted that the child Jesus had been the innocent cause of that massacre; he was drawing down upon his account of the nativity the jealous scrutiny of innumerable critics on whose memories the events of that period were indelibly impressed; and it is only in accordance with what we know of human nature to suppose that every circumstance related by Matthew in connection with the birth of Jesus would receive close and even hostile attention from those upon whom that birth had brought so tyrannical a visitation.

Thus we find the apostolic evangelist not avoiding but challenging the investigation of the world as to the correctness of his facts. He does not envelope the miraculous birth of Christ in obscurity and uncertainty, which would have been the only plan for him to adopt had that birth been apocryphal or his own invention; but he states it plainly, and boldly connects it with circumstances of historical notoriety within the personal knowledge of the generation then living. If, then, this introduction to his gospel were false, he was himself providing the means to insure its immediate rejection; but, if true, he was furnishing to posterity the strongest evidence which could be given or desired to substantiate that truth.

KENTISH BACHE.

THE BEST GIFTS.—The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.



FRIARGATE CHAPEL, DERBY.

FRIARGATE CHAPEL, DERBY.

ORIGINALLY, the only Protestant Dissenters in Derby were Presbyterians. In the reign of Charles II. they obtained a license to celebrate divine worship in a small chapel (still standing) on St. Mary's Bridge. And in the reign of James II. they assembled in a building situated near the Market-place, whence they removed in 1698 to their new chapel, in Friargate, of which the preceding page contains an engraving. Thus it appears that the congregation worshipping here are the direct representatives of the earliest nonconformists in this town.

Their first ministers were the Rev. W. Cross, who had been ejected from Beeston, in Nottinghamshire, and the Rev. Robert More, who also had been ejected from Brompton in this county. For many years they were joint pastors, the former dying in 1698, and the latter in 1704. Hence, in this instance (one of many), Unitarianism is a direct outgrowth of the free thought which existed in the Church of England in the seventeenth century.

In 1699 Mr. Ferdinando Shaw was elected colleague to Mr. More, and was succeeded in 1745 by Mr. Josiah Rogerson. In 1746 Dr Ebenezer Latham became the assistant preacher to Mr. Rogerson, and, dying in 1754, Mr. White was chosen to succeed him in the following year. This gentleman had several assistants. First Mr. Hezekiah Kirkpatrick, then Mr. John Wilding, afterwards Messrs. Edward Thomas and James Pilkington, who succeeded Mr. White in 1788 and continued minister until 1797. From this year until 1803 the pulpit was occupied by Mr. Winstanley. He was followed by Mr. Whitehouse, who resigned in 1810 on account of the congregation decreasing. The Rev. E. Higginson was then invited to the pastorate, and speedily raised the congregation to a flourishing condition. He resigned in 1831, after a successful ministry of twenty-one years. The Rev. W. Rowe, who accepted a call in 1831, died in 1833. This gentleman was succeeded in 1834 by the Rev. Noah Jones, who removed to Gatacre in 1848. The Rev. W. H. Crosskey accepted the charge the same year, and was called to Glasgow in 1852, when the pious and venerable Dr. Hutton entered upon the office and filled it until his death in 1860. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. H. McMaster, a clever and promising young minister, who, however, after preaching only three times, was called to his eternal home. The present minister, the Rev. W. Oates, began his ministry on the 8th February, 1862.

It is pleasant to know that our cause is progressing here. Twelve or fourteen years ago the chapel was much improved in comfort and appearance at considerable expense. In 1862 two large Sunday school rooms, airy and cheerful, were built, and it is shortly intended to purchase a new organ, and if possible to repew the chapel.

SMALL COURTESIES.

A HEDGEHOG and a turtle lived neighbours in a garden in the days when turtles and hedgehogs talked. One day the gentleman with his house on his back noticed an unusual melancholy on the face of his friend, and asked the cause.

"I am shunned by all the world," grunted the hedgehog. "Look at yon miserable cur at the mansion house. He barks at everybody who goes by, and steals a joint of meat whenever he can; and yet the family pat and praise him, and think all the world of him. There's that sly, bloodthirsty cat, with her treacherous claws in her soft fur. While the blood is yet fresh on baby's arm from her scratch, she is quite likely to be treated to a new blue ribbon on her neck."

The turtle laughed in his sleeve at the poor hedgehog's impression of himself. "Have you not lived long enough in the world," asked he, "to know that people must be courteous as well as virtuous? How can you expect the family at the mansion to appreciate your virtues, when you make everybody smart who dares approach you. It won't do in this world to sting and pierce folks all the time. It won't do to fling at everybody who comes near. Throw off your coat of arrows, and people may then learn your worth."

"My coat is my own, and concerns nobody," replied the hedgehog gruffly. "I ask no favours, mind ye. I only want my dues—to be treated as I deserve."

Since he asked no favours he got none, and people shunned him as before. Even when he died of grief, the gardener was afraid to touch him, and carried him off to his grave on a spade.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION COMPARED WITH ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

By H. J. Preston.

(*Concluded from page* 78.)

In the Epistle to the Romans the distinction is equally clearly marked. Thus in chapter ii. 16 the Apostle speaks of "the day in which God will judge the world by Jesus Christ." In c. iv. 25, he declares that God raised Christ from the dead. In c. v. 1, we are said to "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In c. viii. 3 God is said to have "sent his son in the likeness of sinful flesh," but there is no intimation that God came Himself; on the contrary, in the same connection, v. 11, we read, "If the spirit of Him who raised Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He who raised Christ from the dead will give life to your mortal bodies also by His spirit which dwelleth in you." So, again, observe the following passages in the same chapter, v. 31, *et seq.*, "If God be with us, who can be against us? He who spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all, shall He not with him also freely give us all things." Again: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen, who is also at the right-hand of God making intercession for us;" And yet again, v. 38: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor depth nor height, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The same distinction plainly appears in the Letter to the Colossians, as for example, in chapter iii. 16, 17: "Let the doctrine of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching, and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with thankfulness of your hearts to God. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of our Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God even the Father through him."

Turning to the so-called Epistle to the Ephesians a similar observation is again suggested. Thus, in chapter i. 15, and following verses, we read: "Wherefore I also having heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus and love towards all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give you a spirit of wisdom," &c. Again, in chapter iv. 4 and 5, the distinction is expressed in the most explicit terms: "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye have been called unto one hope 'in your calling,' one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all;" and in chapter v. 20: "Giving thanks always for all things to God, even the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." And once more in the same letter we read, chapter vi. 23: "Peace be to the brethren, and love, with faith from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Leaving the Epistles to the Churches, with these clear and numerous though not exhaustive references, we proceed to consider those addressed to individuals, which we shall find present precisely the same characteristics. The Apostle thus salutes his favourite disciple, 1 Tim. i. 1: "Paul, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, by the appointment of God our Saviour, and Jesus Christ, our hope, to Timothy, my own son, in the faith, grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and Christ Jesus our Lord." Then, in chapter ii. 5, occurs the remarkable passage: "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Here is a plain recognition of the human nature of Christ, even in direct connection with his exalted office of Mediator, whilst no language can be more emphatic than that in which the distinction is expressed between the one God and the mediator. It appears to us incredible that the Apostle should have framed such a sentence had he believed that the term God included the Being who is immediately afterwards designated the mediator and the man Christ Jesus.

In chapter v. 21 the distinction is again clearly expressed in the following words:—"I charge thee, in the presence of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the elect angels, that thou observe these things." Also, in chapter vi. 13: "I charge thee in the sight of God, who giveth life to all, and of Jesus Christ, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession, that thou keep this commandment." Similar phraseology occurs in 2 Tim. iv. 1: "I

charge thee, therefore, before God and Jesus Christ, who will hereafter judge the living and the dead," &c.

The Epistle to Titus commences with the usual form of salutation: "Paul, a servant of God and an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to Titus, my own Son, according to a common faith, grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour," thus marking the invariable distinction which is again repeated in chapter ii. 13: "Looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearance of the great God, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ." And again, in chapter iii. 4, *et seq.*: "But when the kindness of God our Saviour and His love toward man appeared, He saved us not by works of justification which we did, but according to His mercy, by the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the Holy Spirit which He shed on us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

Lastly, the short Letter to Philemon begins as usual: "Paul, a prisoner for Jesus Christ, and Timothy, our brother to Philemon our beloved. Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

We have thus gone carefully through the different Pauline epistles, giving copious quotations from them in order to arrive at a fair estimate of their general tenor on the subject of the personal relation between God and Jesus. We must now proceed to consider some passages which are confidently relied upon by the advocates of the doctrine of the two natures in its support.

The first of these passages is Rom. ix. 5, which is thus translated in the Authorised Version of the New Testament: "Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is, over all God, blessed for ever. Amen"—as thus rendered here is undoubtedly ascription of the godhead to Christ, but it must be remembered that there is no punctuation in the old Greek manuscripts, and every one is therefore at liberty to punctuate any passage in such a manner as he thinks will best elucidate the author's meaning. Now this verse is susceptible of various renderings which entirely destroy its force as evidence of the Deity of Christ. Thus if a stop be inserted after the word "all" the last clause becomes simply a doxology, an ascription of praise to God, and reads thus: "Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came who is over all. God be blessed for ever. Amen." Of this phraseology there are several examples in St. Paul's Epistles, as, for instance, Rom. xi. 32, *et seq.*: "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath first given to Him and it shall be given to him again? For of Him, and by Him, and to Him are all things. To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." And again, 1 Tim. i. 17: "Now to the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." But this passage admits of another reading, for which there is the distinguished authority of Erasmus, Bacon, Grotius, Le Clerc, and Wetstein: "Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, He who is over all being God, blessed for ever. Amen." The knowledge of the true God being the climax of the privileges enjoyedby the Israelites, a recital of which privileges is contained in this and the preceding verses, it is evident that no doctrine can be regarded as necessary to salvation which has not firmer support than is afforded by this text.

The next passage, which is frequently relied upon as a proof of this doctrine, has even less weight. It is the often quoted 1 Tim. iii. 16: "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifested in the flesh, justified by the Spirit," &c. It is now admitted by all scholars that "God" is a misreading for 'he who." Not a single ancient manuscript nor version of authority gives the former reading. No biblical critic would any more think of citing this text as a proof of the doctrine of the Deity of Christ than he would that of the Three Heavenly Witnesses as a proof of the doctrine of the Trinity.

These are the only two instances which can be adduced, even from the Authorised Version of the New Testament, in which the title God is applied to our Lord in the writings of St. Paul; (the Epistle to the Hebrews is now almost universally acknowledged to be the work of another author), and it is evident how inadequate they are to maintain a proposition of so

extraordinary and momentous a character as that of the descent of the Godhead upon the earth in the form of a human being, and to make its reception imperative under the penalty of eternal perdition.

But it is said the Apostle uses expressions respecting Jesus which are consistent only with the theory that he was God. Thus in Col. ii. 9 we read: "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." But in Eph. iii. 19 the Apostle desires that the disciples may be filled with all the fulness of God. Hence it is manifest that by this bold and almost startling phraseology the Apostle intends to denote not any hypostatic union between God and those who are to partake of His fulness, but an abundant indwelling of the Holy Spirit, which will have the effect of developing the spiritual life in the recipient, and produce the oneness so feelingly alluded to by our Lord in John xvii.

So, again, in Col. i. 14, and other places, Jesus is described as "the image of God." But in 1 Cor. xi. 7 man is styled "the image and glory of God," and it is, moreover, difficult to understand how the image or likeness of any Being can be identical with the Being represented.

Again, in the same chapter, 16, *et seq.*, we read: "By Him (Jesus) all things were created that are in Heaven, and that are on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, principalities or powers, all these things were created by Him and for Him." Here it is said the Godhead of Jesus is necessarily implied by attributing to him the work of creation. This, however, does not at all follow, for whatever may have been the creative powers possessed by Jesus they were, as He Himself tells us, derived and not original. "I can of my own self do nothing," are his own words. But whatever may have been the nature of the act of creation intended to be ascribed to Jesus in this difficult passage it can scarcely be considered as applying to material things when we observe the objects specifically mentioned as the subjects of Christ's creative power. The design of the Apostle seems to be to impress his correspondents with the highest sense of the dignity and importance of the person and work of Jesus, culminating in his reconcilement of the world to God by his blood shed on the cross, and the creation attributed to Him is a spiritual creation in the kingdom of God which, in the Apostle's view, would far excel any glory he might acquire as the creator of the material universe. Indeed, throughout the whole of St. Paul's Epistles we never find Jesus regarded as an agent in any except spiritual works, and we must repeat that the vividness with which the Apostle refers to Jesus in this capacity is due to his undoubting confidence in the actuality of the existence of the risen Saviour, and of his active operations in behalf of his Church.

Whilst all the passages in the Apostle's writings which are thought to teach the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus are thus far from being distinct, and would indeed, we venture to say, scarcely suggest it at all were it not already in the minds of his readers, others in which the manhood of Jesus is spoken of are most clear and intelligible. Take, as instances, the following, Rom. v. 12: "As by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin (v. 15), the gift which is through the grace of one man Jesus Christ hath abounded to many." So, again, 1 Cor. xv. 21: "As by man came death by man came also the resurrection from the dead." And, Gal. iv. 4: "When the fulness of time was come God sent forth His Son born of a woman, born under the law to redeem those that were under the law."

Other expressions of the Apostle prove his conception of the identity of nature between our Lord and man, as in Rom. viii. 17, where the disciples are described as "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ." And Gal. iv. 6, 7: "Because ye are sons God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying 'Abba, Father, Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son, and if a son then an heir of God through Christ."

The result, then, of this examination of St. Paul's Epistles is that while we discover abundant evidence of his belief in the proper humanity of Jesus, we are unable to find any which justifies the assertion that he believed in the proper Deity of Jesus.

While, however, we reject this doctrine as one utterly unknown to the Apostle, as unscriptural and irrational, we cordially and emphatically accept every designation, however exalted, which he applies to his

risen and glorified master. Thankfully do we recognise Jesus as the express moral image of God, gratefully do we confess that in Him dwelt all the fulness of the godhead so far as it could be enshrined in a bodily form. We receive Him, indeed, as "God manifest in the flesh," for we certainly believe that the fulness of time being come God revealed Himself to the world in a peculiar manner in the person of Jesus, to accomplish His great purposes for the redemption of mankind. We believe that the Divine Wisdom "was made flesh and dwelt among men, full of grace and truth," but we do not believe that the eternal Jehovah, whom no man hath seen, nor can see, who alone hath immortality, came upon the earth as a feeble infant, hungered, thirsted, wept, was subjected to a mock trial, insulted, scourged, crucified, and died. Had St. Paul known anything of this, and, moreover, believed it necessary to salvation, it must have formed a most prominent topic in his Epistles. That it does not convinces us that he was not acquainted with it. That "God was in Christ," 2 Cor. v. 19, is a cardinal truth of Christianity emphatically insisted upon by the Apostle. That Christ was God is a doctrine of a later age, and finds no support from his writings.

THEN I COULD BELIEVE.

In a recent article in the *Athenæum* one of the speakers is made to say that he could not believe in the doctrine of endless misery, "for that was too much for any human constitution." There are other doctrines as well as this in the popular system, too much for the most credulous, and we can only answer in the lines of a nursery rhyme when we are required to believe them:—

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine.
If the pony rode his master;
If the buttercups ate the cows;
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, Sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, Sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy, for half-a-crown;
If a gentleman, Sir, was a lady!
The world would be upside down.
If any or all of those wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be inside out.

PUSH ON THE WORK.

We have been frequently asked what would we have Unitarians to do in the midst of all the liberalising influences at home and abroad? We have four words which contain all we would at present say—they are, "Push on the work." A good work has been done, a good work is now in process, and a good work is still necessary to gain the victory over many foolish superstitions and false doctrines current in society. We have now better opportunities than were ever witnessed by our forerunners to win the people over to our rational views of religion. We have first-class books and good tracts for circulation among the people. Push them about; press the people to read them, follow them up by conversation about religion and religious principles. Speak frankly and repeatedly to friends and companions about helping on this new reformation; a better theology, the better life of the world. Take a small room and conduct a religious service where there is no Unitarian worship. If you cannot compose a discourse, or speak to the people of yourself, get a good book, a good sermon, and read portions which will show them the difference between the religion of man's invention and the religion of God's sending. For the truth's sake begin and do something where nothing is being done. There is a vast field for labour, there are plenty of good tools for the work; we need nothing now but a living agency of earnest men and women and the church will experience, in less than twenty years, a change from darkness to light. Let us trust more than we have ever before done to humble means, to small and despised efforts. Great good will follow our baptism of meekness. There is too much panting after large societies like Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. God gives both grace and success to the humble church. There is too much running after learned and eloquent preachers. Let us trust more to the simple statement of our views, and the humble efforts that can be rendered by every one of us. None were intended by our Heavenly Father to merely sit and listen, and judge of a preacher's style or matter. We have all to be doers as well as hearers. Christ said: "Go out into all the world and tell the good news to all the people." In other words, "Push on the work."

THE LITTLE DYKEMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME EUGENIE FOA.

A LONG time ago, a very long time ago, a man and a woman lived in the city of Harlem, in Holland. The man was a dykeman, that is to say, a man who takes care of the dykes. Do you know what the dykes are? No!

I am going to tell you. Holland is a country surrounded by canals, rivers, and rivulets. If the water were not held back by the dykes, Holland would be more frequently under the water than over it, and that would be neither healthy nor agreeable to the inhabitants. Now this flood is kept in its place by immense wooden doors, which are set a great distance from each other, and shut off the entrance to the reservoir which holds the water. When the land needs moisture, the dykeman raises the gate a little, or much—if it is necessary to have much water—just as you would move the handle of a pump! But he always closes the gates before he goes to bed, for fear the water should run in the night, and overflow the banks, or flood the country and destroy the inhabitants. That is well known, even the children are aware of that.

But I must tell you about the dykeman. He had a little boy eight years old. One day, this little boy asked permission to carry a cake to a poor old man, who lived near the floodgates.

"Go, but do not stay long," said his father.

This the boy promised, and went away. The blind man was pleased with the cake, for he was poor, and did not have such a treat every day. The boy was glad that he had made the blind man happy; and as soon as he had seen him eat the cake, he said "Good-bye," and obeyed his father, by returning home immediately.

All along the borders of the canals—filled with water, because it was in October, when they are flooded by the autumn rains—the boy sang, and stopped to gather flowers—little blue flowers—which his mother dearly loved. And gaily, thoughtlessly, like any child of his age, he stooped and rose again, sang and threw his sweet, fresh voice out on the air, and at the same time cast to the winds the same pretty little blue flowers that he cared for no longer. The path became still more lonely, and the country seemed deserted; for you could no longer hear the footsteps of the cottager going to his home, or the voice of the wagoner shouting to his mules. The little boy very soon saw that the blue tint of the little flowers could not be easily distinguished from the green leaves of the larger bushes. He looked at the sky; night was approaching. Not like a dark, winter night, but a clear, serene, and beautiful one, in which objects could be seen distinctly, not quite so plainly as in daylight, but still very clearly. The boy thought of his father, and of his advice; and he began to climb out of the hollow, into which he had descended, and to ascend the hill. Suddenly, the faint sound of water, trickling over the stones, arrested his attention. He was near one of the great floodgates of the dyke. He looked about, he searched for the place where the sound came from, and soon discovered a crack in the wood; and through the crack the water was running.

I have told you before that there was not a child in Holland who did not understand the mischief this would make. The stream of water, which was no bigger at first than your finger, would soon enlarge the hole—increase, become a cascade, a great sheet of water, a torrent, then a terrible inundation, which would cause the ruin of the inhabitants, and, perhaps, their death. The little Hollander did not hesitate a moment; he threw away the flowers that he held, and climbing from stone to stone, until he reached the crack, boldly pushed his finger into the hole, and saw, with delight, that the water ceased to run—it could not get out.

It was all very well at first; the boy was rejoiced at his stratagem; but the night grew darker, and with night and darkness came the cold. The boy looked about—he called—no one came; nobody heard him. He determined to wait until the day dawned. But alas! the cold became more and more intense, and the finger that was placed in the hole was quite benumbed; from the finger, the numbness spread to the hand, then to the arm, and reached the shoulder; but the boy did not stir from the spot. His distress became more intense, and more and more intolerable. The little dykeman cried; he thought of his mother's anxiety, and about

his father, and his little bed at home, where he could sleep so soundly; but he did not stir. For if the water had burst through the restraint, which his little finger opposed to its fury, he would have been drowned; and not only him, but his father, his mother, and even the whole village. So he wept; but he did not stir.

Daylight found him in this perilous position, without his courage having failed for an instant. At that time, the curate —who was returning from passing the night by a dying man—came that way, on his return to the parsonage. As he heard groans in the pit, he looked down, and saw a child seated upon a stone, with a pale face, eyes filled with tears and almost writhing in pain.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the curate.

"I am keeping the water from running out," replied the little boy, innocently, who had displayed in a night the courage and fortitude of a hero.

Can you believe that history has not preserved the name of the little dykeman who saved his country?

STAUNCHLY ORTHODOX.

HOMES FOR THE FALLEN.

We recently heard that one of the principal professors of a "Church of England College" said to the students, that he was so decidedly adverse to Unitarians that with them he would not ride in the same *boat*, we suppose he would mean *train* as well. Still there was an air of liberality about the old man, for he said at the same time, "If a Unitarian were in the water sinking, and I could put out my hand and save him, I would help him into my boat." Who could say this was not doing the generous after all?—yet he would not wittingly be seen in company with a Unitarian, not even ride in the same boat. Now we have just had placed in our hands a prospectus and the constitution of a society in London for "HOMES FOR THE FALLEN"— persons in a less enviable position than those who fall into the river; and this society positively excludes Unitarians from joining with those ladies and gentlemen in putting out a hand to rescue the fallen. Whether Dr. ——— would have allowed an unorthodox hand to help him to lift a Unitarian out of the water, if he should have felt himself too weak, he did not say. We presume he would not have asked subscription to the thirty-nine articles before acceptance of kindly aid in this good Samaritan work. The society to which we refer does excludes all persons from membership, "who do not acknowledge the depravity of man, justification by faith, and the doctrines of three persons in the Godhead, &c. &c." We do think this is Trinitarian philanthropy a little too strongly-scented with "Stand off this ark." We can scarcely divine the connection between the Trinity and a Home for the Fallen, or tendered help to rescue unfortunate women. There is one connection we recently perceived in a list of persons rescued, to which was annexed the religious profession of the fallen ones; these were Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Methodists, &c. &c.; at least they professed the religion of the orthodox sects, not one professed to be Unitarians. So then, after all we perhaps ought not to be indignant that we are excluded from a share of this good work, if only those who believe in the doctrine of human depravity, justification by faith, the Trinity, &c. &c., so grievously sin as to need an institution for their special deliverance. This is surely not the reason, and therefore we remain sadly perplexed that any society could be founded on so limited a basis, unless they have made up their minds that they will not stretch out their hands to save any human soul who does not believe in the common orthodox notions of religion. Of our readers we ask in all sincerity if this miserable state of feeling among our Trinitarian brethren does not call for more vigorous efforts on our part as Unitarians to cast out this intolerant demon of discord?

We at times deplore the caste feeling in India, which separates different ranks by an almost impassable gulf. Is it not equally melancholy to think of the state of mind into which distinguished and scholarly men—and philanthropists too—are reduced by the absurd tenets of a most irrational and unscriptural theology, so that they can deride the help and company of Unitarians in public lectures, and in the constitution of useful societies! If the value of our views does not impel us to do something for their diffusion, God intends that the spite of our opponents shall whip us into action.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

HEATHEN WORSHIPPER. — That the object of his devotion was misplaced was not his fault, and its purpose being sincere, we can scarce suppose it unacceptable to the only true Deity, who regards the motives and not the forms of prayer, and in whose eyes the sincere devotion of a heathen is more estimable than the specious hypocrisy of a Pharisee.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

MAURICE ON EXCOMMUNICATION.—Professor Maurice, in the course of a series of sermons preached by him at the University Church, Cambridge, preached one on the text, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," in which he maintained that St. Paul only excommunicated on moral grounds, never for mere want of orthodoxy, and observed "true union cannot be furthered by attempts to get over the differences which appear to divide churches."

SCOLDING.—A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her brother, who was playing in the mud, "Bob, you good-for-nothing young rascal, come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off." "Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend. Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children. "Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning, that's all."

DECLINE of ORTHODOXY. — The *British Quarterly Review*, organ of the Congregationalists and Independents, in a notice of Dr. Bushnell's work on the Atonement, uses this significant language:—"To disguise from ourselves the existence among devout and thoughtful men of profound and general dissatisfaction with the form in which the theory of the atonement is commonly stated, is worse than useless, and will soon be impossible. Unless we are prepared to investigate the causes of the dissatisfaction, and to clear our theology of the fictions and technicalities which make it morally untenable, the idea of expiation itself will be imperfect.

THE KEY TO THE HEART.—The power of song is mighty. It is the golden key that can open every adamant heart. A hardened Scottish soldier lay on his hospital bed, and refused stubbornly to listen to a word of counsel from the good minister who visited him. He "knew how to die without the aid of a priest," he said. The most affectionate entreaty seemed lost upon him, and he turned his face to the wall, determined to close the interview. The minister sat down by his bed, and began to sing a hymn well-known in Scotland, "O mother, dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?" In a few moments the man turned himself upon his pillow, the hard look all gone, and the eye wet with a tear. "Who taught you that?" he asked. "My mother," said the minister. "And so did mine," he replied; and with those memories surging back into his soul, he was ready and willing to listen to the words of heavenly counsel.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Alderman Newman, who had scraped together out of the grocery line six hundred thousand pounds, enjoyed no greater luxury the last three years of his life than to repair daily to the shop, and precisely as the clock struck two (the good old-fashioned hour of city dining), eat his mutton with his successors.—The late Thomas Rippon, chief cashier of the Bank of England, was a similar oddity. Once only, in a service of fifty years, did he venture to ask for a fortnight's holiday. He left town, but after three days' unhappy ramble through beautiful green fields, he grew moping, and prematurely returned to the blissful regions of Threadneedle-street to die at his desk.

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking behind a very handsomely-dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body." A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the kind young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

FORGIVENESS.—Near the end of the seventeenth century a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity. The slave—for such he was—was yoked with an ox, and compelled to drag the plough. But the fortune of war changing, the Turks fell into the hands of the Hungarians, who said to their enslaved fellow-countryman, "Now take your revenge upon your enemy.' This was in accordance with the customs of the age, and the Turk, supposing, as a matter of course, that he would be tortured to death, had already swallowed poison, when a messenger came from the Christian slave, telling him to go in peace, for he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit, that he proclaimed with his dying breath, "I will not die a Moslem, but I die a Christian, for there is no religion but that of Christ which teaches forgiveness of injuries."

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